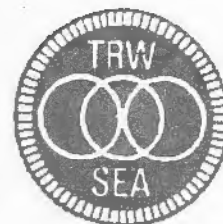




# CROSSTALK

A Publication of the TRW Amateur Radio Club



JUNE-JULY 1992

## CALENDAR:

Every Monday: DCS Net on 145.32 Repeater @ 7:30 PM

Every Wednesday: Emergency Communications Team Net on 145.32  
Repeater @ Noon

Every Friday: Club Breakfast in Bldg S Cafeteria, 7 to 8 AM

June 2: Executive Board Meeting, Upper Crust Pizza, Inglewood &  
Manhattan Beach Blvd, 5:30 to 7 PM

June 9: Emergency Communications Team meeting, R3/1413, Noon

June 10: Club Picnic, Polliwog Park @ Noon

June 13-15: ARRL June VHF QSO Party

June 27-28: **FIELD DAY**, Friendship Park, San Pedro

June 27: Swap Meet, parking lot on NW corner of Aviation and  
Marine, 7 to 11 AM (YES on Field Day Weekend)

June 30: Club Meeting, E2/1200 @ Noon, Speaker is Joe Moell, K00V,  
"T-Hunting, Jammer Hunting and Radio Direction Finding"

July 7: Executive Board Meeting

July 14: Emergency Communications Team meeting

July 16: Club Picnic, Polliwog Park @ Noon

July 25: Swap Meet

July 28: Club Meeting, R10/2778 @ Noon, Speaker is Gordon West,  
WB6NOA, "Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Antenna  
Tuners"--NOTE SPECIAL LOCATION, Come early to get a good  
seat or if you need an escort!

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**Editors Notes:** This months issue is dated June-July,  
next month will be the August issue. This will allow us to get each  
issue to the membership before the beginning of the Calendar month  
in an attempt to provide more timely information to our members.  
This will be the only time the July Calendar will appear, so save  
this issue for next months activities.

# FIELD DAY

FIELD DAY is alive and living! The map and list of band captains are attached. We will be loading up the equipment on Friday at noon and taking the equipment to the hill early. We need some VOLENTEERS to load the truck - if you can help please give me a call at (310) 812-7227 or (310) 541-7618. Our plan is to set up as much as possible on Friday so things won't be so hectic on Saturday. REMEMBER WE'RE STARTING AT 11:00AM INSTEAD OF NOON!! There will be food and drinks for the Friday night crew so if anyone would like to help give me a call.

All the bands need operators and loggers so call the band captain of the band of your choice or just come up to the site. If you have never been to a FIELD DAY THIS IS THE ONE YOU SHOULD TRY. Even if you just want to spend a few minutes come on up - you can see how FIELD DAY works and there are plenty of jobs that don't involve talking on the mic or picking up a key. Its a fun time so join in and see an Amateur Radio Tradition in action.

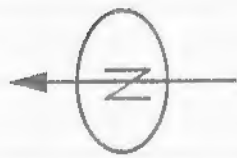
There were some errors in the first list of band captains so take a look and the list again. If you are a novice (or know a novice) there will be a station just for novices.

SEE YOU AT FIELD DAY

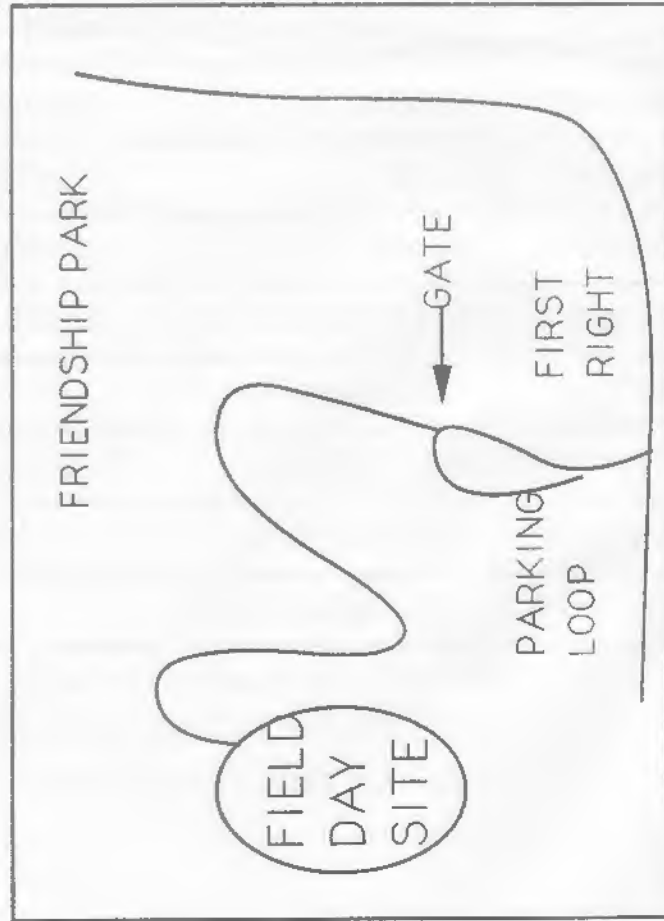
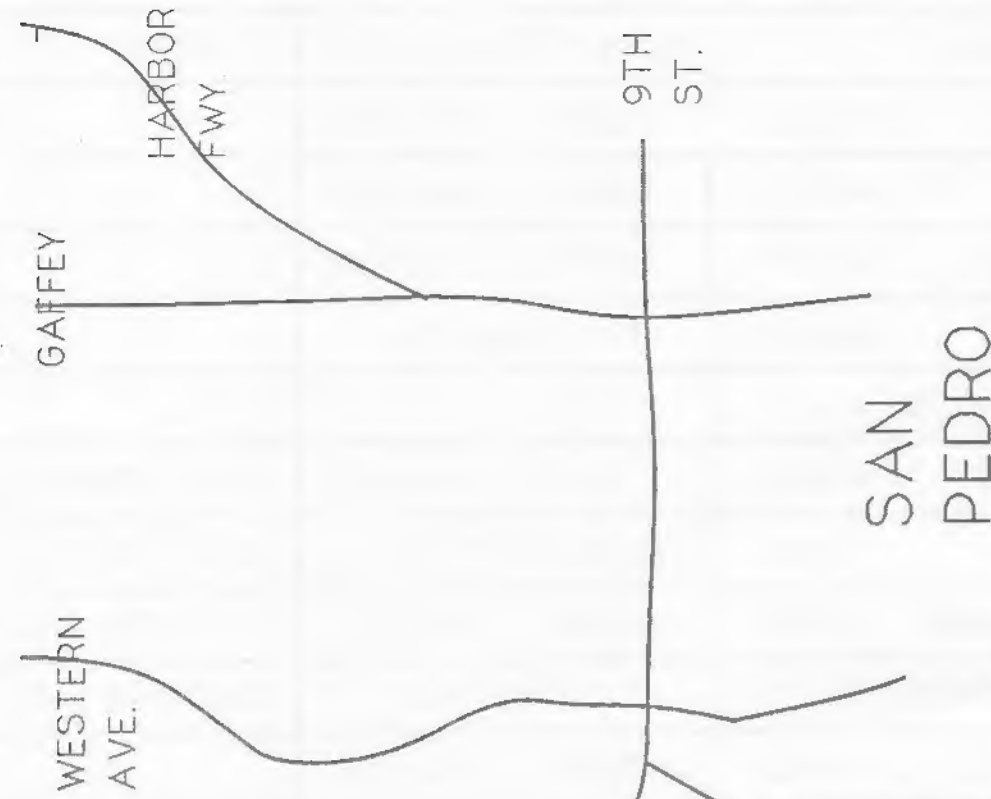
JOHN SHEPHERD - FIELD DAY CHAIRMAN

## W6TRW QSL Policy

If you operate W6TRW please fill out a QSL card for each QSO. It is unreasonable to expect the club staff to perform this function. Stamped cards are available in the shack for stateside contacts. DX cards should be left in the box provided.



GO SOUTH ON GAFFEY OR WESTERN TO 9th STREET. GO WEST (LEFT) SHORT 1/2 BLOCK PAST WESTERN. TURN SOUTH (LEFT) INTO FRIENDSHIP PARK. GO PAST GATE AND UP THE HILL TO THE FIRST RIGHT. DRIVE TO THE FAR END OF THE PARKING LOOP AND THROUGH THE GATE. FOLLOW THE NARROW ROAD UPHILL TO THE FIELD DAY SITE



TRWARC FIELD DAY  
FRIENDSHIP PARK  
1805 9TH Street  
SAN PEDRO  
JUNE 27 & 28 1992

## 1991 CQ WW TA-SV DXpedition (Cont'd)

We had time to visit a QTH where a German crew, The Rhineland Radio Club comes every year to do the CQ WW contest. We met some very busy German and Turkish hams putting up their tower and tribander. Very rarely did I see such a full assortment of top class equipment and tools as these German fellows brought along. We made some nice friendships to the pleasant tune of a few 807 bottles (where there are Germans, there is beer, and visa-versa) and after 73 to them, we headed further down the West coast to our contest location, the charming seaport city of Kusadasi. Mustafa volunteered to take us down. He needed about two tanks full of gas for the trip and we had a hard time making him accept compensation. At \$3.50 a gallon, it is quite an expensive affair.

Actually our hotel was about 10 km (6 miles) from the city, majestically perched above the Aegean Seq. Traveling to and fro is by taxi or by small busses every half hour. The fare on the bus is a fixed 50 cents US. The cab is higher, but we could knock it down to size every time. We found very little correlation between the trip meter and the negotiated price throughout our travels in Turkey. The iron workhorses of the Turkish cabdrivers are the 1958-63 Chevrolet cars. A 1975 cab is considered to be a luxury item. They all seemed to run, some leaving considerable smoke behind.

The first two days in Kusadasi were spent setting up the antennae and the two stations. It was discovered at this time, that instead of a full range of antennas, we had only a 15m 2 element beam, some wire for emergency dipoles (M) and an assortment of whips. Spud and I brought extra coax and lots of wire. The weather was just absolutely the ocean swimming type. I decided that next morning I shall try the beautiful blue waters, I am a good swimmer. Overnight, the temperature dropped about 35 degrees (M), freezing arctic air swept through our "closed" windows picking up pieces of paper, strewn them across the floor of our room. To the north of us, according to the local English newscast, it was snowing. The windows had about 1-1/2 inch gaps (M) while "closed", we had fresh air all the time - no smog! This was not noticed until now due to the nice warm days before. The weather stayed cold and nasty from then on (M).

We tried to tune up the 15m beam, but it behaved like a piece of unmatched resistor (M). The antenna was not tested before departure (and that is a no-no!), replacing the coax did not help, any attempt to adjust the element lengths and the gamma match was futile, so we concluded that the UHF connector is bad. It probably was, we left it since we did not have much time to burn to find out. The contest was about to start. We erected dipoles, verticals and tried to find a 10m whip in our assortment of goodies. We did not have it (M).

Access to the antennas on the roof was with the help of a shaky ladder we found laying around. One rung was about 32 inches from the next, it must have been used by Turkish giants. One day I went up to the deck over 28 times. If you see me taking huge steps and leaps now and then while walking, you know why.

With all this suffering we went to bed (by putting on double clothing in the freezing, heaterless room) with the feeling that despite Murphy, we will show him! The contest started at 0000 Zulu, we were one hour local time ahead. We decided to start a few hours later to have energy to spare for the next 48 hours. About 0500 Z, I jumped out of the bed and turned the light on. Darn bulb, has to burn out just now! The other light: same result. This led to me the conclusion that the electricity was off. It was (M). Running to the head office revealed the whole area was without power and had no idea as to when the power will be restored. Up to this time we had no power failure problems. All of a sudden I remembered Mustafa and his batteries under the table! We got our punishment. Nothing to do, we went to town to look around.

The town is definitely geared to the tourists, and we all bought trinkets to bring home. Almost every day a different Russian passenger ship showed up in the harbor. The Russians are in the tourist business around there, bringing European, mostly German, tourists to the shores. Shortly after our return to our stations, the power came back. We tried to operate two stations simultaneously, but the proximity of the antennae and other factors prevented it (M). So I operated alone, desperately trying to make up for the lost time and lack of the second station. Spud and Harold got the message, they retreated to their beds and indulged in paperback novel reading for the next two days.

I hoped to make some 10m contacts next morning, when sun gets up. Experiments with the 15m whip tuned up on 10m worked, but was not very good (M). I found a piece of #12 electrical wire in the trash. By pruning it to about 28.500 kHz and having shoved it free standing into an UHF female plug, I found it to be far superior in both bandwidth and transmitted signal strength over the 15m whip. This conclusion was established with the help of two willing stations who gave me comparative reports.

The next morning I got up with a great anticipation, but the electricity was off again (M)! A few hours later, when the power came back, 10m was going out (M). I began to feel that we would not place first in the contest. We worked a large number of stations, mostly Russians on 20m. With the contest nearing to the end, tired and frustrated, I decided to take a hot shower and call it a day.

The hotel derived its hot (actually just luke-warm at best) water from a solar-powered heater system. An electric pump pushes the water up to the reservoir and through the pipes. Since the electricity was off for a very long period of time, all the warm water was used up. When the power returned, I had to wait hours til the ice-cold water was pumped up the pipes, and, since there was no sun, it stayed that way (M). So I took a cold shower, just to show up Murphy!

Somewhat mad, we decided to go to town and participate in an evening event which included a four course dinner, wine, music, singing and of course, bellydancing. It took place in a hotel yard which conveyed the appearance of a medieval castle from the outside with its bastille type towers and walls. It was very entertaining. We also made a reservation at the Government Tourist Bureau for a large taxi to take us to our last station in Turkey, the charming seaport of Marmaris. This town is the closest to the large Greek island, Rhodes, our next destination. The bureau called the would-be cabdriver, who agreed to pick us up at three am next morning. The tourist bureau also informed us of the ferryboat schedule which will take us to Greece - they assured us that it is a cinch, we can expect no problems.

We had planned to get permission from the hotel we stayed at to remain til our planned departure, due to the closure of the place a day before, the end of the tourist season. Guess who did not show up (M) next morning! The management was able to summon another taxi, and off we went. It was a somewhat shaky Fiat station wagon with two young people, the driver and a helper. For good measure, for longer trips two people are better than one. We were told that the trip takes about four hours. As we started out, it begun raining. At first just slowly, picking up volume as we went further. By sitting in the seat next to the driver with a heavy box on my lap, two local chaps were seen in the dark poking a shotgun at us, it turned out to be rabbit hunters. With a wise grin on their face we parted happily (for sure) and started climbing up a mountain range. The rain was very heavy by now, we were traveling in cold rain, mist and quite dense fog. The winding, pitch dark two lane road offered excitement as huge trucks were coming at us, clearing our car by just a few inches. Fortunately, our driver had steel nerves. About 1-1/2 hours in



the rain, the windshield wiper on my side fell off (M). The driver got out in the heavy rain trying to fix the problem. After five minutes of fruitless effort to affix the wiper, he picked up a good size rock and hammered it into place. A little bending here-and-there and we were ready to go again. At this point, I noticed that the right headlight was throwing the beam up about 60 degrees from the horizontal (M). I pointed to the light and our driver, with the most natural and detached stoic manner adjusted to loose bulb with his fingers, and we were off again.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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## Jim Wike, W6GPE, SK

I'd like to say a few words about a fellow Ham, Jim Wike, W6GPE who did a lot for the club. He was our activities manager for two years and saw that we had a good time at club picnics with the help of his XYL Luella. We had hot food and not cold sandwiches all of the time. I know many of you remember all of us getting together at EL Nido park. This was in the late 80's, in February 1991 he was the club secretary and was at the EBM along with a few of us taking the minutes. Little did we know that this was going to be the last time that anyone of us would see Jim again. The next morning he was hit by a car while crossing the street to catch the bus to work. The time has been long for Louella and it looked for a while that maybe he would make it. It was not to be and on April 15, 1992 Jim became a Silent Key. We will miss his smile and good nature plus his help at Field Day. Our hope is that he will be replaced in the club by someone almost as good. Do you think you can stand in Jim's shoes?.....Bill Dews, K6AWO

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## Disguised Antenna

In June of 1991 I moved to San Vicente Valley near Ramona in north San Diego County. The unincorporated mountainous area is called San Diego County Estates and it has CC&R's which prohibit all outdoor antennas. My new home has vaulted ceilings so I couldn't even put an antenna in the attic. I noticed that a nearby home had a flagpole and the CC&R's didn't prohibit flagpoles. I drove to the nearby Home Depot and bought 3 ten foot 2" diameter schedule 80 PVC pipes and quickly constructed a 30' flagpole mast. The hollow PVC mast allowed me to feed the ladder line of a center fed Zepp through the mast to the 2 wire legs at the top.

The center fed Zepp requires a balanced line antenna tuner and works on all the low bands. The flagpole is clamped to my 2 story rear deck and the antenna wires are routed down the hillside as an inverted vee with broadside facing NNE. It works well and only the pole with "Old Glory" waving proudly can be seen from the street. Incidentally San Diego Estates is the site of the famous tennis match between Bobby Rigs and Billy Jean King in the early 70's. See you on the TRW ARC 40 meter (7.185+/- QRM) net on Mon-Wed-Fri at 6 PM.

Bill Schrecengost, KE6LB

( Bill's photo would not copy well but is in the club shack. He has an outstanding view. Editor.)